



Class PS1077

Book 54 44

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> 1922

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT**





YELLOW CLOVER







*Katharine Coman.*



# YELLOW CLOVER

*A Book of Remembrance*

BY

KATHARINE LEE BATES

AUTHOR OF "FAIRY GOLD,"

"THE RETINUE," ETC.



3  
2  
1  
1  
1  
1  
1

NEW YORK

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY

681 FIFTH AVENUE

COPYRIGHT, 1922,  
BY E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY

*All Rights Reserved*

PS1077  
B4Y4  
1922

Printed in the United States of America

APR 15 1922

©Cl. A 661341

low

To

KATHARINE COMAN

*"Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus  
Tam cari capitis?"*



## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Several of these poems, written to my Friend or about her while she was living, are taken from my first published volume of verse, *America the Beautiful*, 1911, now out of print. A few of the memorial poems have appeared in periodicals,—notably in *The Churchman* and *The North American Review*.



## PREFATORY NOTE

KATHARINE COMAN, to whom the following lyrics are addressed, was a teacher and writer of books on political and economic history. A western woman, born in Newark, Ohio, November 23, 1857, she graduated from the University of Michigan in 1880, and was connected, for the remaining thirty-five years of her life, with Wellesley College. Coming as instructor in English, she went over in 1881 to the department of history, serving as instructor till '85, and then as professor of history and political economy till '99. Dean of the College the following year, she then resumed her teaching, holding the new chair of economics and sociology till failing health necessitated her withdrawal from active service. In 1913, having already suffered two critical operations,

*she became professor emeritus, dying January 11, 1915.*

*Classroom routine was, in her case, frequently relieved by years, as well as summers, of travel in Europe and America, with a final trip to Egypt. Her earlier books were very successful school histories of England, but as her interest in economic subjects strengthened, she centered her studies in her own country, spending much time in the South, in Utah, and on the Pacific coast, whence she extended her journeying to Hawaii and Alaska. Her resultant book, INDUSTRIAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, proved so valuable a contribution to its subject that the chair established at Wellesley in her honor, 1921, is designated the Katharine Coman Professorship of Industrial History. Less than a year before her death, she received urgent proposals from a leading publishing house to prepare a series of volumes dealing with the economic development of our country by local sections,—a congenial task*



*that might well have filled fifteen or twenty years. With undaunted courage she set to work, making pencil notes in the hours least taxed by pain up to within a few weeks of the end.*

*But the book which best expresses her vigorous and adventurous personality is her ECONOMIC BEGINNINGS OF THE FAR WEST: HOW WE WON THE LAND BEYOND THE MISSISSIPPI (Macmillan, 2 vols., 851 pp.). Although her studies had long been pointing toward this book, the author, aided by a Carnegie grant, devoted four years to its direct preparation, following the old westward trails and working, as far as possible, on the ground with original materials. On such scholarly foundation she built a picturesque narrative of vivid human interest, her epic of the pioneers.*



## CONTENTS

	PAGE
YELLOW CLOVER . . . . .	1
"SHE IS THE GRACE OF ALL THAT ARE" . . . . .	9
A Mountain Soul . . . . .	12
Love Planted a Rose . . . . .	14
Measures . . . . .	14
When It Befortunes Us . . . . .	15
The Victory . . . . .	16
Madonna . . . . .	17
Our Driftwood Fire . . . . .	18
The Changing Road . . . . .	18
The Day is Waning . . . . .	20
Felices . . . . .	22
Lying too Faint to Look . . . . .	23
The Tryst . . . . .	23
At Holmenkollen . . . . .	24
Good Friday in Paris . . . . .	28

	PAGE
How Oft with Thee . . . . .	29
Our Christmas Truce . . . . .	30
HOLY SPIRIT GONE FREE . . . . .	33
Starry Runaway . . . . .	36
The God of Silence . . . . .	36
Cremation . . . . .	37
If the Celestial Body . . . . .	37
If You Could Come . . . . .	39
Why Wander More? . . . . .	40
Your Own Plants Bloom Again . . . . .	40
In Cedar Hill Cemetery . . . . .	41
THE BROKEN-HEARTED . . . . .	43
Firewood . . . . .	46
Life . . . . .	47
Shut Out . . . . .	48
The Path of Sorrow . . . . .	49
Work . . . . .	49
A Rose-White Cloud . . . . .	49
Failure on Failure . . . . .	50
A Frosted Bush in the Sun . . . . .	50
Pointed Firs . . . . .	51

CONTENTS

xv

	PAGE
Birds and Books . . . . .	52
Laughter . . . . .	52
Yesterday's Grief . . . . .	53
WESTERING HEART . . . . .	55
To One Who Waits . . . . .	60
The Gates of Death . . . . .	62
Looking on the Milky Way . . . . .	63
Immortality . . . . .	64
The Luxury of Ease . . . . .	65
I Will Not Fear . . . . .	65
When At the Last . . . . .	66
Where Time's Long River . . . . .	66
White Rose . . . . .	66
Now My Love Is Flown Away . . . . .	68
Testimony . . . . .	68
What Is the Spirit? . . . . .	69
IN BOHEMIA: A CORONA OF SONNETS . . . . .	71



# YELLOW CLOVER





## YELLOW CLOVER

MUST I, who walk alone,  
Come on it still,  
This Puck of plants  
The wise would do away with,  
The sunshine slants  
To play with,  
Our wee, gold-dusty flower, the yellow clover,  
Which once in parting for a time  
That then seemed long,  
Ere time for you was over,  
We sealed our own?  
Do you remember yet,  
O Soul beyond the stars,  
Beyond the uttermost dim bars  
Of space,  
Dear Soul who found earth sweet,  
Remember by love's grace,

In dreamy hushes of the heavenly song,  
How suddenly we halted in our climb,  
Lingering, reluctant, up that farthest hill,  
Stooped for the blossoms closest to our feet,  
And gave them as a token  
Each to each,  
In lieu of speech,  
In lieu of words too grievous to be spoken,  
Those little, gypsy, wondering blossoms wet  
With a strange dew of tears?

So it began,  
This vagabond, unvalued yellow clover,  
To be our tenderest language. All the years  
It lent a new zest to the summer hours,  
As each of us went scheming to surprise  
The other with our homely, laureate flowers,  
Sonnets and odes,  
Fringing our daily roads.  
Can amaranth and asphodel  
Bring merrier laughter to your eyes?  
Oh, if the Blest, in their serene abodes,

Keep any wistful consciousness of earth,  
Not grandeurs, but the childish ways of love,  
Simplicities of mirth,  
Must follow them above  
With touches of vague homesickness that pass  
Like shadows of swift birds across the grass.  
How oft, beneath some foreign arch of sky,  
The rover,  
You or I,  
For life oft sundered look from look,  
And voice from voice, the transient dearth  
Schooling my soul to brook  
This distance that no messages may span,  
Would chance  
Upon our wilding by a lonely well,  
Or drowsy watermill,  
Or swaying to the chime of convent bell,  
Or where the nightingales of old romance  
With tragical contraltos fill  
Dim solitudes of infinite desire;  
And once I joyed to meet  
Our peasant gadabout

A trespasser on trim, seigniorial seat,  
Twinkling a saucy eye  
As potentates paced by.

Our golden cord! our soft, pursuing flame  
From friendship's altar fire!  
How proudly we would pluck and tame  
The dimpling clusters, mutinously gay!  
How swiftly they were sent  
Far, far away  
On journeys wide  
By sea and continent,  
Green miles and blue leagues over,  
From each of us to each,  
That so our hearts might reach  
And touch within the yellow clover,  
Love's letter to be glad about  
Like sunshine when it came!

My sorrow asks no healing; it is love;  
Let love then make me brave  
To bear the keen hurts of  
This careless summertide,

Ay, of our own poor flower,  
Changed with our fatal hour,  
For all its sunshine vanished when you died.  
Only white clover blossoms on your grave.



“SHE IS THE GRACE OF  
ALL THAT ARE”





“SHE IS THE GRACE OF ALL  
THAT ARE”

*(Ben Jonson)*

SHE is the grace of all that are,  
The fragrancy of morn,  
The wild, blithe ring, afar, afar,  
Of Dian's horn.

She is the hidden carol in  
The fringes of the wood,  
The sudden blue when clouds wax thin,  
The joy of good.

May God who wrought our fleeting race  
Forbid her fatal star,  
Remembering she is the grace  
Of all that are.

## A MOUNTAIN SOUL

A MOUNTAIN soul, she shines in crystal air  
Above the smokes and clamors of the town.  
Her pure, majestic brows serenely wear  
The stars for crown.

The buzzing wings of folly, slander, spite,  
Fall frozen in her alien atmosphere.  
Her heart's at home with sunrise and with  
night  
As neighbors dear

Who tell her ancient tales of time and law,  
The miracle of love breathed into dust,  
Until her sweet gray eyes are brimmed with  
awe  
And steadfast trust.

Remote she dwells mid her celestial kin,  
Rainbow and Moon and Cloud, yet none the  
less  
Full many a weak earth-creature shelters in  
Her friendliness.

She comrades with the child, the bird, the fern,  
Poet and sage and rustic chimney-nook,  
But Pomp must be a pilgrim ere he earn  
Her mountain look,—

Her mountain look, the candor of the snow,  
The strength of folded granite, and the calm  
Of choiring pines, whose swayed green  
branches strow  
A healing balm.

Oft as the psalmist lifted up his eyes  
Unto the hills about Jerusalem,  
Did not God's glory with a new surprise  
Transfigure them?

That royal harper, passionate for rest,  
Held one still summit dearest to his dream,  
And only to the golden chords confessed  
Its hour supreme;

For lovely is a mountain rosy-lit  
With dawn, or steeped in sunshine, azure-  
hot,

But loveliest when shadows traverse it  
And stain it not.

## LOVE PLANTED A ROSE

Love planted a rose,  
And the world turned sweet.  
Where the wheat-field blows  
Love planted a rose.  
Up the mill-wheel's prose  
Ran a music-beat.  
Love planted a rose,  
And the world turned sweet.

## MEASURES

MEASURE grist by the millful,  
Dew by the daffodilful,  
April clouds by the skyful,  
Tears by Ophelia's eyeful;  
Measure leaves by the elmful,  
Slaves by the tyrant's realmful,  
Green-capped gnomes by the hillful,

Rhymes by Romeo's quillful;  
Measure sweets by the jarful,  
Dreams by the brooding starful,  
Robes by the bridal chestful,  
Songs by Bobolink's breastful;  
Thorns by the rose's stemful,  
Gems by the diademful,  
Gold and dust by the cartful,  
Only love by the heartful.

## WHEN IT BEFORTUNES US

WHEN it befortunes us, who love so dearly,  
To hurt each other, let us haste to wring  
This joy from our remorseful passioning,—  
The wound is witness that we love sincerely.  
So slight a weapon, word or silence merely,  
Would scarce effect surprisal of a sting,  
Were't not thy word, my silence, for we cling  
One soul together. Life allots austere  
Unto the rose of love the thorny power  
To tear the heart, but ah, love's anodyne!

The prick but proves the presence of the flower,  
Our one white rose from gardens all divine.  
Then, only then, could grief outlast her hour  
Were I unrieved by least rebuff of thine.

### THE VICTORY

THE blue sky at its deepest was pricked by one  
    keen star  
That flashed a signal to the moon's uplifted  
    scimitar,  
And like a quarrel in a dream we spake with  
    angry breath,  
Till in that place of shadows our Love was  
    done to death.  
God hung the dawn with carmine and pillared  
    it with gold  
To welcome in our new Love, the angel of the  
    old.  
With lips still pale from requiems and litanies  
    she came,  
But home-sweet lights were in her eyes,—the  
    same, and not the same.

All that was mortal of her, the passion, the  
caprice,  
We had wrapt in cloud-white linen and laid  
away at peace ;  
But the living Spirit stood within the temple  
of the sun,  
Her agony accomplished, her consecration won.

## MADONNA

ONCE we beheld ecstatic cripples flinging  
Away their crutches at a pilgrim shrine.  
Do you remember, at the feet divine  
Of Mary and her Child, that mother bringing  
Her own poor baby-boy deformed, and wring-  
ing  
Her toilworn hands in supplication? Sign  
Of healing there was none; only the whine  
Of that repulsive child; only the clinging  
Of those gaunt hands. The haloed image stood  
Tranquil, unheeding, with its mantle blue  
Gathered about that little Christ of wood,  
Linen and laces. Then I looked to you

And saw the pure Madonna yearning through  
Your pitying face holy with motherhood.

### OUR DRIFTWOOD FIRE

How we delighted in our driftwood fire,  
When festal eves would merrily decree it,  
Dances of rainbow witches high and higher!  
We, when this old earth burns, would love  
to see it.

### THE CHANGING ROAD

BENEATH the softly falling snow  
The wood whose shy anemones  
We plucked such little while ago  
Becomes a wood of Christmas trees.

Our paths of rustling silken grass  
Will soon be ermine bands of white  
Spotted with tiny steps that pass  
On silent errands in the night.



The river will be locked in hush  
But frosted like a fairy lawn  
With knots of crystal flowers that flush  
By moonlight, blanching in the dawn.

Flown are our minstrels, golden-wing  
And rosy-breast and ruby-throat,  
But all the pines are murmuring  
A sweet, orchestral under-note.

So trustfully our hands we lay  
Within the old, kind hands of Time,  
Who holds on his mysterious way  
From rime to bloom, from bloom to rime,

And lets us run beside his knee  
O'er rough and smooth, and touch his load,  
And play we bear the burden, we,  
And revel in the changing road,

Till ivory dawn and purple noon  
And dove-grey eve have one by one  
Traced on the skies their ancient rune,  
And all our little strength is done.

Then Time shall lift a starry torch  
In signal to his gentle Twin,  
Who, stooping from a shining porch,  
Gathers the drowsy children in.

I wonder if, through that strange sleep  
Unstirred by clock or silver chime,  
Our dreams will not the cadence keep  
Of those unresting feet of Time,

And follow on his beauteous path  
From snow to flowers, from flowers to snow,  
And marvel what high charge he hath,  
Whither the fearless footsteps go.

### THE DAY IS WANING

THE day is waning; gracious shadows grow;  
Sweetness of vesper bells is on the air;  
The soul is stirred, a dreaming embryo,  
With impulses to fare  
She knows not where.

Why should we long to live till life become  
Dotage or lethargy or feeble fret  
Of energies at ebb? When years benumb,  
Pierced with the sleep-thorn, let  
The dust forget.

But like a song from crumbling folio,  
A blossom springing from the broken seed,  
Shall not the pilgrim spirit onward go  
Whither the bidding lead,  
Unfrightened, freed,

Fain of the fresh adventure, trusting Death  
As porter in her Father's house, one who  
Shall shut the door upon the failing breath,  
But lead her safely through  
To welcomes new?

For here we pause but in the portico  
Of that great temple, radiant with mirth  
And beauty, Life. Even as we came, we go.  
The ritual of earth  
Began with birth;

Doth it not end with birth? From star to star  
Shall we not walk the fire who walked the clod,  
Nor find the bright, ascending journey far,  
    Treading, as here we trod,  
    Handfast with God?

The day is waning; prophesyings blow  
Upon the wind; our wondering hearts are  
    woood  
By secret whisperings, and long to know,  
    Atoms of valiant mood,  
    Infinitude.

### FELICES.

WE count them happy who have richly known  
The sweets of life, the sunshine on the hills,  
The mosses in the valley, love that fills  
The heart with tears as fragrant as thine own,  
O tender moonlight lily, over-blown,  
When the inevitable season wills,  
By gentle winds beside thy native rills—  
We count them happy, yet not these alone.

There is a Crown of Thorns, Way of the  
Cross,

Consuming Fire that burns the spirit pure.

By luster of the gold set free from dross,

By light of heaven seen best through earth's  
obscure,

By the exceeding gain that waits on loss—

Behold, we count them happy who endure.

#### LYING TOO FAINT TO LOOK

LYING too faint to look, too spent to stir,

By open window, what a carol came,

The rapture of some scarlet tanager,

As if a voice were uttered out of flame!

#### THE TRYST <sup>1</sup>

I HAD come to the trysting place

To meet with Grief.

Like flint I had set my face,

Lest when the dark hour strike

My heart should crumble like

A withered leaf.

<sup>1</sup> Written after the first operation.

Under the aspen tree  
I waited till  
The stars made sport of me,  
Finding it curious  
A soul should shudder thus  
Before God's will.

A bell began to throb,  
And ere it missed  
The echo of my sob,  
Like silver sunrise flame  
Joy through the shadows came  
To keep the tryst.

## AT HOLMENKOLLEN

UNDER our balcony twinkles  
The capital city of Norway,  
Christiania, toy-like  
There in the shimmering spaces  
Of her encompassing mountains,  
Peeping one over the radiant  
Shoulder or crest of another,

Called from their silver recesses  
But to glisten and vanish  
Back to the borders of Dreamland;  
Christiania, only  
An incident there in our vista  
Of deepening, melting horizons,  
Of soft green levels divided  
By ranks of spruces and hemlocks,  
And pines like tapering spires,  
The austere grace of the Norland;  
Of isle-flecked waters that chanted  
Under the keels of the Vikings,  
Where now like butterflies cluster  
Tiny white sails and wee playboats  
Feathered with smoke; ocean liners  
Some of them are, but all dwindled  
To elfin similitude under  
The mighty enchantment that chastens  
Christiania into an item  
Of the beauty our balcony watches.  
Yet we shall longer remember  
The vast ethereal pageants,

Cloud-play and storm-sweep and rain-rush,  
All the immense panorama  
Of this ever-changeable sky-dome  
The crystalline roof-tree of Odin,  
Who gleams through his mist-woven curtains,  
Who tosses his spear in the sunrise.  
We shall remember the coast-fog,  
Blurring, enfolding the landscape,  
Suddenly shot through with sunshine,  
Thinning and dazzling and lifting,  
Rising on undulant pinions  
Like a white sea-gull upsoaring  
To be lost in cærulean distance;  
And the moon that glowed like a ruby,  
Like a hoarded great ruby the troll-folk  
Roll to the feet of Allfather;  
And sunsets like tapestry pictures  
Of the first strange priest at Christ's altar,  
Braving Thor's hammer, amazing  
The sea-blue eyes of the pagans  
That stare on his vestments embroidered  
In gold and in seed-pearl with angels,



Roses of Sharon and crosses;  
But longest of all, O Belovèd,  
We shall remember the rainbow.

Bifröst the Rainbow, no gossamer  
Scarf of a light-footed Iris,  
Nay, but the bridge to Valhalla,  
Fashioned by gods for the fearless,  
Wrought of the blues of the zenith,  
Greens of the sea-depth, and crimsons  
Forged in the flame-core, forever  
Guarded by white-armored Heimdall,  
We of the Outlands have seen it,  
Bifröst the Rainbow, and marvelled.  
For fair it flashed out from the rain-veil,  
Bright as if woven of banners,  
Broad, like a highway for heroes,  
Widening, melting, pervading,  
Spreading through space, as our friendship  
Colors all life into joyance,  
Flooding the sky and the water  
And earth with a quivering glory.

Let us be glad of the portent,  
For the autumn winds are about us,  
The blowing garments of Odin,  
And the horn of Heimdall the warder,  
Waiting white in the dusk-fall,  
Shall blend with the winds in due season  
Its unappealable summons.  
Oh, then may we do no dishonor  
To the hope we have trusted together,  
The unbidden one speeding the chosen,  
As the uncaressable spirit,  
Joy-fellow, grief-fellow, beloved,  
Fares forth alone for the final,  
Valorous-hearted adventure,  
Over Bifröst the Rainbow,  
To the infinite welcome of Godhome.

### GOOD FRIDAY IN PARIS

THERE at the pale feet of the Crucified,  
With not a sob breaking your quiet breath,  
You knelt and offered up your body's pride  
And beauty to a creeping, torturing death.

## HOW OFT WITH THEE

How oft with thee, Dear Heart Adventurous,  
How oft I've fared this foaming deep with  
thee,

Rejoicing in the splendors of a sea  
Never more jewel-shot, more luminous  
Than on this strange, swift journey, sweeping  
us

To our home strand whence, peradventure, we  
Shall sail no more, for on that solemn quay  
A secret word from God awaiteth us.  
Through all the sob that loads our lightest  
breath,

All wavelike passion of incessant prayer  
Beating that shore before we learn thereof  
What yet we have to hope or yet to bear,  
We stay our breaking hearts on this: Life,  
Death,

The word is God's, whose every word is Love.

## OUR CHRISTMAS TRUCE

WE let you suffer long before we called  
On morphine, life's last mercy, lest  
It fail you ere the end; it softly shawled  
Your senses in a luxury of rest,  
For Pain, relenting in his long abuse,  
Proclaimed a Christmas truce.

In that brief respite you were light of heart,  
Smiling beneath the wizard wand  
That seemed to duel with Death's very dart.  
You felt this Christmas beautiful beyond  
All Christmases your shining years had spent,  
So deep was your content.

Even in the presence of your enemies,  
Grim enemies, Disease and Death,  
Your cup flowed over. From the forest trees  
Came sprays of pine to shed their spicy  
breath  
On walls and screens where holly boughs made  
merry  
With vines of partridge berry.

All day the flowers came flocking in until  
Their colors glorified your room;  
Azaleas flushed each snowy window-sill;  
Japonica, carnation blent their bloom;  
Violets and roses by you; nearer yet  
Pansies and mignonette.

The blue browallia made a patch of sky;  
Jonquils and daffodils together  
Wrought such a glow of sunshine that the eye  
Was dazzled. From afar came purple  
heather,  
Poinsettias, acacia. South and West  
Vied which should love you best.

And still they came and still, surprised, you  
learned  
How many wistful loyalties,  
How many faiths, affections, friendships  
yearned  
To you and your last Christmastide in these  
Farewells from hands you would not clasp  
again,  
These lilies, cyclamen.

You planned our festival from dawn to eve;  
    You claimed a morsel of our feast  
And gave it to the birds. Each must receive  
    The gift that you had hidden in the least  
Of evergreens, that crispy, tinselled spruce  
    Cut for our Christmas truce.

Wearied by very happiness, you slept  
    In your own Paradise of flowers,  
Till I, who by your side hushed vigil kept,  
    Could almost hope you were no longer ours,  
But gone to the unfading gardens, gone  
    Beyond the dread of dawn.

HOLY SPIRIT GONE FREE





## HOLY SPIRIT GONE FREE

HOLY spirit gone free,  
Free of the weary clay,  
What do the glad eyes see  
This first day?  
Where is Heaven for thee?

Art thou adoring the Throne,  
Kissing the Wounded Feet?  
Art thou greeting thine own,  
Souls home-sweet?  
Whither, O whither flown?

Art thou lingering here,  
Still, as aforesaid, fain  
Sorrow of mine to cheer?  
In this pain  
Art thou the courage, Dear?

## STARRY RUNAWAY

No, no, Belovèd; starry runaway,  
Even my heartbreak would not call thee back  
To this pain-wasted majesty of clay,  
But help me bear it,—bear this almanac

On thine own desk, that tells me yesterday  
Thy voice was still my courage, thy gray eyes  
My joy, and sets in desolate array  
The months to come. Yet thy far enterprise

My own belated soul shall soon essay,  
In the pity of some certain hour set free  
To seek my Life. 'Tis but a threshold stay,  
A task or two, and then I'll follow thee.

## THE GOD OF SILENCE

THE God of Silence, at whose ancient shrine  
The Persians worshipped, was it thou, O  
Death,  
Thou who wilt grant thy favor, stern, benign,  
For no less offering than pulse and breath?

## CREMATION

LET the fires be swift, not slow.  
In the terror of the glow  
Let the awful change be wrought  
Till the flesh is light as thought.

Will the spirit not pause and wait  
For her wonted faring-mate  
If it follow as pale motes may  
Up the slanting sunbeam way;

If it drift as ashes might  
On the fragrances of night,  
By that one white breath of heat  
Shriven to pure and sweet?

## IF THE CELESTIAL BODY

IF the Celestial Body, ethereal, mystic, re-  
members

Your Brunhild splendor of youth,  
If this that sprang up like a flame from the  
perishing mortal embers  
Is you in truth,

Angel face that looks with your eyes and lifts  
your brows under

The oldtime glistening crown  
Of hair like the sunrise gold, face touched with  
child-wonder,  
Look down, look down,

If not through forbidden rift in the sky,  
through some ivory casement  
Of dream in the sobbing night,  
And draw, as of old, my spirit from sorrow's  
selfish abasement  
To love's delight;

For the swiftest gleam of your radiant glance  
in the unreturning  
Years of our mortal grace  
Would flood my heart with fulness of joy. Oh,  
lean to my yearning,  
Celestial face.

## IF YOU COULD COME

My love, my love, if you could come once more  
From your high place,  
I would not question you for heavenly lore,  
But, silent, take the comfort of your face.

I would not ask you if those golden spheres  
In love rejoice,  
If only our stained star hath sin and tears,  
But fill my famished hearing with your voice.

One touch of you were worth a thousand  
creeds.

My wound is numb  
Through toil-pressed day, but all night long  
it bleeds  
In aching dreams, and still you cannot come.

## WHY WANDER MORE?

WHY wander more? My dreams have folded  
wing;

Old longings for far beauty melt in grief.  
The pathos of all life, all withering,  
Is in the dancing of an April leaf.

## YOUR OWN PLANTS BLOOM AGAIN

YOUR own plants bloom again,  
Azalea, cyclamen,  
Japonica, all keep their rendezvous  
With Christmas in the sun.  
Ah, but you,  
Whose Christmases are done,  
The heart of all the room,  
Where does my darling bloom?

IN CEDAR HILL CEMETERY

(Newark, Ohio.)

WEARILY up the unfamiliar way,  
A traveller that cannot cease to crave  
The happiness your welcome ever gave,  
I come, Belovèd, at the ebb of day,  
To keep my promised tryst with your far grave.

The sunset lingers on the serried stones  
Of your home-gathering kindred, those who  
    quaffed  
Life's fullest cup, and babies epitaphed  
For love, not deeds. Fluting his twilight tones  
A robin perches on the tapering shaft.

O ashes, memory of mortal love,  
Sealed in your urn beneath the greensward,  
    pure  
From all disease and all decay, secure  
From evil, what am I to weep above  
Your beautiful and tranquil sepulture?

The shadowy cedars climb the hill, all rife  
With whispers, that are less the wings of birds  
And stir of sprays than murmurous, dim words.  
Ah, death may comprehend them, but not life,  
Dark embryo that still the shell engirds.

The two tall, sentinel white birches sift  
The soft blue skylight through serrated leaves,  
Lest shadow should too soon, too deeply drift  
Between your silence and my heart that heaves  
With its vain longing, while the quails uplift

Their ringing calls from the dusk fields below,  
Heralds of joy on very edge of night.  
The eternal tide of stars begins to flow,  
Flecking the gloom with points of golden light,  
And I, whose task is long, arise and go.

Is it you that follow me and fold me fast  
With your old comfort, quieting the strife  
Of stormy pulses, as in sorrows past?  
There is no sorrow but is peace at last.  
God grant there be no death that is not life!



**THE BROKEN-HEARTED**



## THE BROKEN-HEARTED

O STRANGE, hushed fellowship of those  
Who tread a darkened star,  
Who breathe the fragrance of the rose  
And thrill with pain instead  
Of that old joy, long dead!

Amid earth's hurrying throngs they move  
Like spirits from afar,  
Exiled from their one land of love,  
Lost as a flood-whelmed leaf,  
Initiates of grief.

They give the mystic countersign  
In glancing looks that are  
Illuminate with lore divine,  
Each anguish whispering each  
Closer than household speech.

## YELLOW CLOVER

Each casts his hard-earned alms into  
The other's craving jar,  
A grain of wisdom garnered through  
Wild, weeping storms, pale peace  
That blooms where longings cease.

No badge they wear to worldly view  
—These of the hidden scar—  
But on their foreheads is the dew  
Anointed eyes may see  
Of dark Gethsemane.

## FIREWOOD

FIRST was a fire of myrtle,  
Just for my Love and me;  
The storm at the door might hurtle,  
But safe within sat we.

Now cypress boughs are burning  
Upon my hearth, and all  
Whose hearts are sore with yearning  
May share my forest-hall.

## LIFE

LIFE went hand in hand with Joy  
Ere Life's heart was broken,  
This round world his magic toy  
Fashioned to betoken  
Some bright mystery that glows  
Jubilant in star and rose,  
Allah's fair incognitos.  
Life kept holiday with Joy  
Till Life's heart was broken.

Now the star and rose but seem  
Forecasts of their fading,  
Pathos of a slipping dream,  
Ruin masquerading  
In a fragile gold and pink.  
Life bends brooding o'er the brink  
Whither stars and roses sink,  
Life to whom all beauties seem  
Forecasts of their fading.

## SHUT OUT

DEATH bars me from my garden, but by the  
dusty road

Glints many a vagrant blossom the wind's  
caprices sowed.

Death locks my door against me and flings the  
golden key

To sink with many another beneath the moan-  
ing sea.

But there are haunts for gypsies upon the  
heather moors,

Where we share with one another the lore of  
out-of-doors;

And gypsy tells to gypsy what healing herbs  
are best

When the old wound starts a-throbbing and  
starlight brings no rest.

## THE PATH OF SORROW

THE path of sorrow is no lonely path ;  
Through every rock defile hushed foot-  
steps grope ;  
No thorny covert that its winding hath  
But prayer is there and fellowship of hope.

## WORK

O WORK, drab angel, lead me day by day,  
A tired slave contented to obey,  
From task to task, by hand so firm and cool  
It quiets fever. Thus from life's long school  
At last I'll earn my quittance and away.

## A ROSE-WHITE CLOUD

A ROSE-WHITE cloud that blossoms in the blue,  
Opening its curly petals one by one,  
Joy of divinest beauty, thrilling through  
A weary heart where even pain seemed  
done.

## FAILURE ON FAILURE

FAILURE on failure seed the slow success.  
All mired and bruised the footsore traveller  
came  
By swamp and steep, through unimagined  
stress,  
To envied fame.

Sorrow on sorrow purge the selfish heart.  
Not till our dearest are caught up above  
Our hurt, our help, we learn life's finest art,  
The art of love.

## A FROSTED BUSH IN THE SUN

AN arsenal of diamond spears,  
A rainbow splintering  
Into a million points of sheen,  
A little blazing Troy.  
Its beauty stirs the pool of tears  
As by an angel's wing,  
Troubling the waters with a keen  
Revivifying joy.



## POINTED FIRS

DULL clang that hurts this dreamy air,  
    Forgive me if I turn  
From you to little bells of dew  
    Upon the forest fern.

More lightly may I lift my prayer  
    Beneath these pointed firs  
Imbued with simple sanctitude  
    By woodland worshippers.

The squirrel saints race up the stair,  
    Frisking from bough to stem,  
For God finds no behavior odd  
    In wild Jerusalem.

I love the liberty they wear,  
    Those green, soft-chanting spires  
That hush to hear the hermit thrush  
    Voice earth's divine desires.

Broken by grief, I cannot bear  
    The ministry of words,  
Content to taste the sacrament  
    Of winds and leaves and birds.

## BIRDS AND BOOKS

ALL day these ruby-throated humming-birds,  
Illiberal elves,  
Draw honey from the bee-balm at my door  
And offer me no share.

All day the poets with melodious words  
Delight themselves,  
And of their graciousness my strength re-  
store  
For sorrow I must bear.

## LAUGHTER

THE daily commonplace our mirth would  
brighten  
With twinkling as of saffron butterflies  
On yellow-blossomed bush of indigo,  
But to the solemn joy beyond the skies,  
That crystal sphere no sun nor stars enlighten,  
Can Laughter come? The sages answer no.

Then, Laughter, in my lonely heart still tarry,  
A sweet and bitter fool, and gently break  
Your quips and whimsies on this brooding  
Grief

Till he arouse. Ay, even for Sorrow's sake  
Stay with us that our burden we may carry  
More lightly for your loving disbelief.

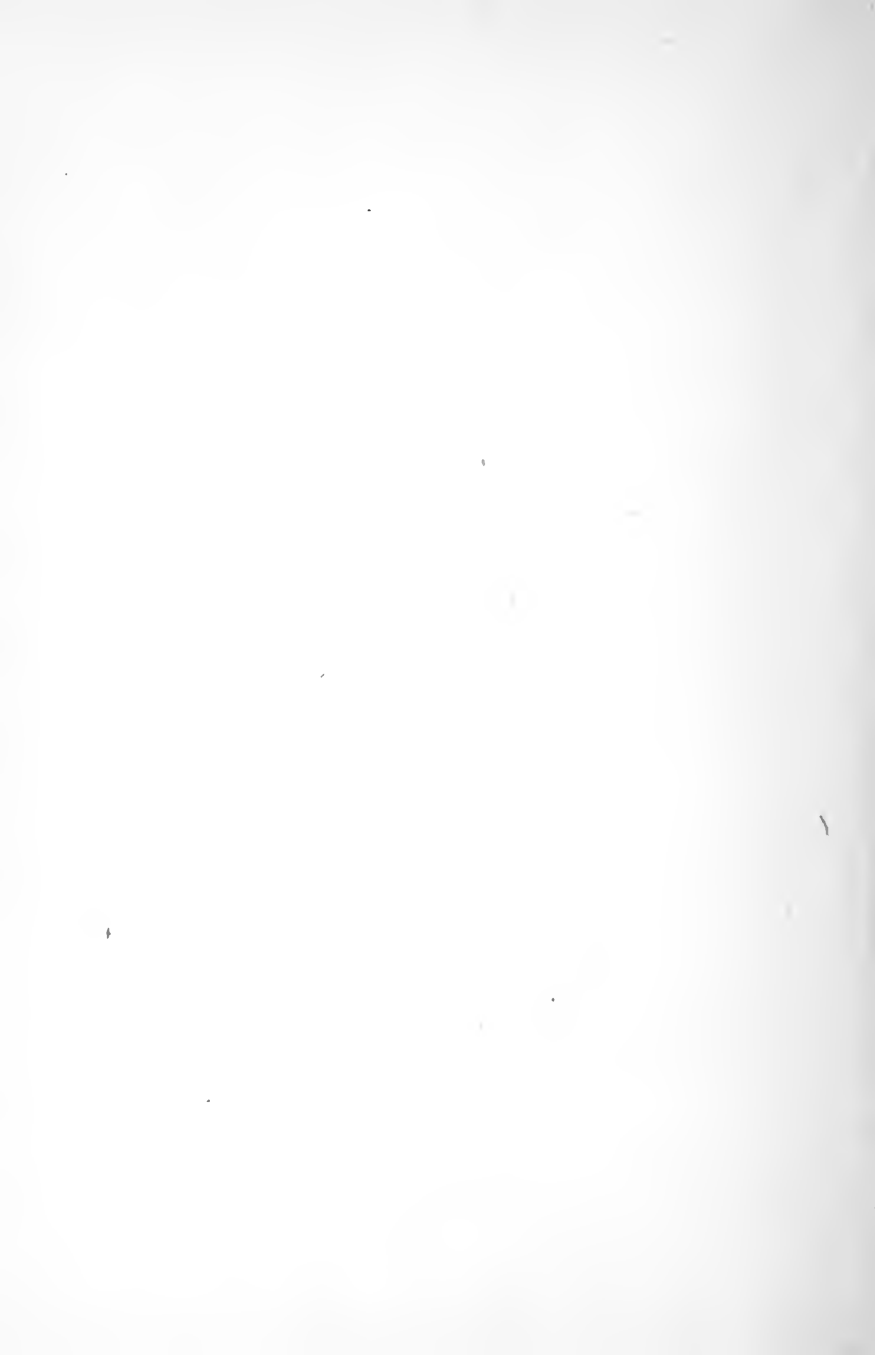
## YESTERDAY'S GRIEF

THE rain that fell a yesterday is ruby on the  
roses,  
Silver on the poplar-leaf and gold on willow-  
stem;  
The grief that chanced a yesterday is silence  
that encloses  
Holy loves where time and change shall never  
trouble them.

The rain that fell a yesterday makes all the  
    hillside glisten,  
Coral on the laurel and beryl on the grass;  
The grief that chanced a yesterday has taught  
    the soul to listen  
For whispers of eternity in all the winds that  
    pass.

O faint-of-heart, storm-beaten, this rain will  
    gleam to-morrow  
Flame within the columbine and jewels on the  
    thorn,  
Heaven in the forget-me-not; though sorrow  
    now be sorrow,  
Yet sorrow shall be beauty in the magic of the  
    morn.

WESTERING HEART



## WESTERING HEART

WESTERING Heart, Restless Heart, Heart of  
the Pioneer,

Still I wonder, wonder, what is Heaven to thee;  
Lover of far horizons, eager to bring them  
near,

Journeying Heart, Yearning Heart, rover of  
land and sea.

What can stay the feet we knew,  
Springing feet our meadows mourn,  
From adventuring the blue  
Undiscovered bourne,  
Where the stars, God's wild canaries,  
Sing above the ether prairies,  
And the dream of time flows on  
To illimitable dawn?

Tender Heart, Defender Heart, bowed with the  
wide world's woe,  
Bearing thine own grief lightly, lightly as  
mortal might,  
Shedding on dim, steep pathways the courage  
of thy glow,  
Gleaming Heart, Redeeming Heart, a torch  
against the night;  
Not the peace of Paradise  
Long can hold thee, ransomed, blest,  
From the old, glad sacrifice,  
From the unforgotten quest,  
On the wastes remotest, barren,  
Watering the Rose of Sharon  
Till the bleak and bitter sand  
Blossoms into Holy Land.

Lifted Heart, Pain-sifted Heart, that madest  
death a psalm,  
Pallid with sore suffering, yet kissing still the  
rod,



Hushed and held within some great encompassment of calm,  
Soaring Heart, Adoring Heart, to whom "it all is God,"

What though precious gem on gem  
Build the shining Zion walls,  
Christ is thy Jerusalem,  
Wheresoe'er His service calls.  
O our Star, at rest in motion,  
Lost in light, as wave in ocean,  
May thy ministering bliss  
Still remember what we miss.

## TO ONE WHO WAITS

I COUNT the years by Junes that flush our  
laurel,

Our clustered bushes at the corner-wall,  
And coax the crinkled buds to spread their  
small,

White chalices pricked out with rose and coral.  
Slow are the seasons, yet I may not quarrel  
With beauty. Dawns and stars, blossoms that  
foam

Enchanted orchards, where the orioles call,  
Green leaves that flutter, golden leaves that fall,  
Cloud caravans of snow will bring me home.  
I count the years by Junes that flush our laurel.

What changes chronicle the life eternal?  
Beyond the starry archipelagoes,  
How do you calendar the stream that flows,  
Forever singing, from the Throne super-  
nal?

For as in wheat the sweetness of the kernel  
Is ripened with the sunshine more and more,

Let sorrow trust, where mortal wisdom knows  
Nothing, ah nothing, that the love of those  
Who made earth heaven is greater than before  
And watches for us in the life eternal.

If human love be but the soul's rehearsal  
For that high harmony so piercing sweet  
Its rhythm is pulsing in the wildest beat  
Of passion, in the quietest dispersal  
Of household blessings, Love the universal  
Music of being, must not, Dear and True,  
Our love that longs in me still yearn in you,  
New-christened at the wide-winged Mercy seat  
To a redeeming grace, my Paraclete,  
For the divine accord my soul's rehearsal?

I count the years by Junes that flush our laurel,  
And you, perchance, in some shy interspace  
Of Paradise, have found a woodsy place,  
A bit of wild that welcomes fern and sorrel,  
Where mystery of moss and prickly moral  
Of briar-rose may spring in finer bloom,  
And Time's old witchery so far presume

That you, impatient for the glad embrace,  
May now and then a dewy footpath trace  
To see if June again has flushed the laurel.

### THE GATES OF DEATH

MARMOREAL, impregnable,  
Immutable, we bear  
The searching shafts of human thought,  
The onset of despair.  
The indistinguishable cell  
Of spirit and of brain  
Through all the centuries has fought  
Its puny fight in vain.

The pageant of humanity  
Dissolves as on it falls  
The shadow of our bulwarks dense,  
Our unrevealing walls.  
Its starcraft is but vanity.  
Its aspen faith but blows  
In winds whose whither and whose whence  
No mind of mortal knows.

Yet is there one strong battle-lord  
 Who still the day retrieves.  
 Ashes and dust are infidel;  
 His very life believes.  
*Forever* is his only word.  
 Breath is incredulous,  
 But Love, undaunted, terrible,  
 Demands his own of us.

LOOKING ON THE MILKY WAY

FLOOD of stars that hold your course  
 High across the night,  
 Serried lustres numberless  
 As the souls that Godward press  
 In continual flight,  
 From what flaming wildfire source,  
 Shimmering river of the skies,  
 Tide of light,  
 Do your waves arise?  
 Toward what fatal fall does your  
 Flowing current gleam,  
 While those flocking souls ascend

## YELLOW CLOVER

Ever upward? For what end  
Can there be to love?  
Only in faith that loves endure,  
We, a momentary race,  
Dare to dream  
Spirit outsoars space.

## IMMORTALITY

THE Angel of the Sun  
Had spread a wing of flame  
Athwart the orient sky;  
Then grew my spirit one  
With Beauty and became  
A Joy that could not die.

At some far torch of gold  
The shining soul was lit  
And claims celestial kin.  
Shadows its house enfold,  
But are not one with it.  
The splendor bides within.

Sorrow and vain desire  
Are drifts of darkness gone  
Upon the ebb of night.  
Spark of the primal fire,  
Bliss wakens with the dawn,  
Light answering to light.

## THE LUXURY OF EASE

THE luxury of ease comes after ache;  
Joy of reunion cannot be except  
By pang of parting; only death may break  
My way to you whom I so long have  
wept.

## I WILL NOT FEAR

I WILL not fear the Valley, for amid  
The blur of the innumerable dead,  
Your glimmering footsteps cannot be so hid  
But I shall follow in them, homeward led.

## WHEN AT THE LAST

WHEN at the last I lift my lids to brook  
The close-bent face of Death, perchance I'll  
see  
Your wide, sweet eyes, with their eternal look  
Of childhood, smiling through the mist on  
me.

## WHERE TIME'S LONG RIVER

WHERE Time's long river hushes in the sea,  
Beyond the furthest coast of starry space,  
I dream that my far traveller waits for me,  
Poised like a bird in glad, impatient grace.

## WHITE ROSE

WHITE rose, white rose,  
Thou that art  
All my garden,  
Walled, apart,  
Grief my white rose,  
Thorn in heart!



White rose, pale  
As brooding star  
Over Arden,  
Where dreams are!  
All shall fail  
That is not far.

White rose, white rose,  
No storms beat  
On thy petals,  
Blooming sweet,  
Love my white rose,  
At God's feet.

White rose, what  
Is mortal fate,  
Rain and nettles?  
Roses wait.  
Death is but  
The garden gate.

## NOW MY LOVE IS FLOWN AWAY

Now my Love is flown away  
Earth wears another semblance,  
Opal dawn and turquoise day,  
Stars and moon and sun  
Conscious are and mystical,  
Jewels of remembrance,  
Keepsakes from the festival,  
Our festival that's done.

Now my Love is flown away  
The air is full of calling,  
Dewy voices that allay  
Thirst and dust-annoy,  
Tones that haunt the hall of Time,  
Crystal echoes falling  
From some far, ethereal chime  
Whose bell-ringer is Joy.

## TESTIMONY

I, WHO am deaf and blind,  
I, lame and weak,  
Listen and seek,  
Follow and find;

Yet have no word to say  
What I have found,  
Clearer than sound,  
Brighter than day;  
Wings in the heavy clod,  
Beauty in pain.  
Even the chain  
Bindeth to God.

## WHAT IS THE SPIRIT?

## i

WHAT is the spirit? Nay,  
We know not—star in clay.  
We know not, yet we trust  
The dream within the dust.  
We trust not, yet we hark  
The song within the dark.

## ii

These few bewildered days  
Ask little blame or praise.

## YELLOW CLOVER

All mortal deeds go by  
As cloudlets down the sky.

We are our longing. Thus  
Let Love remember us.

## iii

We know not whither beat  
Its wings, nor what defeat  
Death's mighty muffling glooms  
May cast on fluttering plumes,  
Or if it be success—  
That folded quietness.

## iv

When like a flaming scroll  
Earth shrivels, if the soul  
Should those fierce heats outwear,  
What of ourselves were there?  
A longing bruised and dim,  
A seed of seraphim.

**IN BOHEMIA:**  
**A CORONA OF SONNETS**



## IN BOHEMIA

### A CORONA OF SONNETS

#### (I)

I GIVE you joy, my Dearest. Death is done,  
Your martyrdom accomplished, and your crown  
Of sainthood, woven of such pains as drown  
Remembering eyes in tears, superbly won.  
No stain upon your faith's white splendor,  
none;

No moment when you cast your courage down,  
A broken sword. You enter with renown  
Out of these shadows into radiant sun.

Gone, gone; yet still we pore upon your face,  
Your face already strange in sculptured pallor,  
Listening, but not to us; your face, a scroll  
Frailer than parchment, where we yet may trace  
A holy script. O loyalty! O valor!  
Your voice still echoes: "Bless the Lord, my  
soul."

Your voice still echoes: "Bless the Lord, my  
soul,  
And all that is within me, bless His name!"  
All, all within you? The disease, the shame  
Let loose in your pure body sweet and whole  
Beyond the wont of flesh, till evil stole  
On those unconscious tissues, torment came  
As furtively as some slow-creeping flame  
Corroding from within the golden bowl?  
Yea, verily, your body's bitter woe  
In your divine endurance blessed the Lord.  
Your youth of bounding pulses, one clear choir  
Of joy and strength and glorious desire,  
Could lift no strain of adoration so  
Poignant, angelic, suffering's master-chord.

Poignant, angelic, suffering's master-chord,  
Your music rings through my bewildered days,  
A worship, and my spirit strives to raise  
Thanksgiving with your own, above this horde  
Of griefs, rebellions, yearnings. Oh, afford  
From your rich joy, in your old, generous ways,



Largess to me, that my torn heart may praise  
Death, even Death, your healing, your reward.  
Death entered, bearer of the only key  
That could unlock the iron gates of pain.  
The Angel of the Lord, our very love  
Knelt in his shining, as he smote the chain  
From off your limbs, and swift you rose, set  
free,  
Forever free. My heart, be glad thereof!

It was heart's woe, Most Beautiful my Friend,  
To watch your bright hair wither, shoulders  
bend  
Beneath the burden. White as carrier-dove  
Your numb, forgetful hand, an empty glove,  
Lies on a quiet breast the hard gasps rend  
No longer. From the broken cage ascend,  
God's homing bird, to boundless air above.  
Your joy shall be my joy,—ay, though the  
word  
Chokes to a sob. My tragedy is done.  
I could laugh upon the stroke even of Orion's

Great, gleaming sword, dull by comparison  
With that keen pang unbearable that heard  
Your only moan: "My soul is among lions."

Your only moan: "My soul is among lions."  
You were on shipboard, sailing home to die.  
I sat beside you on the deck; the sky  
Glistened with constellations, starry scions  
Of an eternal fire. Not white-hot irons  
Could so have seared my spirit as that cry  
From your deep anguish. You will know me by  
That scar through joys of all imagined Zions.  
You, you, so light to leap, so fleet to race,  
Eager for burdens, I must see you shorn  
Of all those ardors, slowly dispossessed  
Of your proud heritage, turning your face  
Toward Death, your face each dawn more  
wan, more worn.

I could not make him an unwelcome guest.

I could not make him an unwelcome guest,  
For that dim morning, when I raised the shade

Upon the joy of sunrise, you essayed  
To look with eyes that pleaded but for rest,  
So weary, O so weary. Peace was best.  
Yet as Death hushed the breath, your love de-  
laid

His touch an instant, while your white lips made  
Effort to smile on me, a last behest  
Of courage. Ah, such little time before  
In panting torture you had lifted arms  
To me for help I could not, could not give ;  
Yet in your utmost weakness, you restore  
My fainting strength. Delivered from all  
harms

In your deliverance, Dear Heart, I live.

In your deliverance, Dear Heart, I live.  
The olive cross you loved for Bethlehem,  
Slipt under your chill hand, with lily-stem,  
Merges in your mortality. We give  
Your tired beauty, wistful, fugitive,  
To chariot of fire. Your requiem

Is chanted. Prayer and holy apothegm  
Are uttered. All is ashes, where no sieve  
Shall find forever form or face of you.  
But in your upper chamber, in your own  
Bohemia, wide-windowed to the sun,  
We are together, all our suffering through,  
Our long suspense and dread a shadow flown.  
I give you joy, my Dearest. Death is done.

## (II)

Our word shall still be Joy, shall still be Joy.  
Death shall not be a frost that blackens all  
The blossoms in our garden. Love, I call  
To mind your life on earth, so to employ  
My aching thoughts, lest lurking grief decoy  
My spirit from its vow. And yet they fall,  
Slow tears, on even this cramped, childish  
scrawl  
Of hidden verses that you bade destroy.  
Where is that child, with wide gray eyes of  
wonder

And broad braids yellow as the prairie moon  
Whereon she gazed, suggesting with sage thrift  
To cut it into stars would be a boon,  
'Twould make so many? Ah, sweet childhoods,  
    plunder  
Of Time's fast wings, an April petal-drift!

From Time's fast wings, an April petal-drift  
These songs have fluttered back, secretly  
    penned,

A murmurous joy, deep in the leafy bend  
Of silver-maple or in fragrant rift  
Of haystack. Were these ten small leaves a  
    gift

From Father's desk, this desk become my  
    friend

As it was his and yours? Did Mother mend  
With magic thread these rough-torn pages  
    whiffed

Down half a century that changed the child  
From form to form, a maid for men's desire,  
Scholar with quarreling books about her piled,

Far traveller, sufferer, ashes on the pyre?  
How fierce an anguish to the spirit brings  
This mocking immortality of things!

The mocking immortality of things  
Shall be forgiven to this tiny tome  
For its dear childishness,—epic of home,  
Ohio farm with joy of watersprings  
And cedars full of crystal carollings;  
Slow cows to drive and cosset lambs to comb;  
Sheep deftly yoked to turn the garden loam  
For labor-saving brothers; venturings  
Of emulous fleets that sailed the orchard brook,  
The proudest topped by mousetrap cabin where  
A frog sat skipper with a pompous look.  
Such hours are of their beauty unaware,  
White daisies dancing in a meadow nook,  
Till wistful memory beholds them fair.

Your wistful memory beheld them fair  
And still more fair as further they receded,  
Those childhood scenes dawn-colored and dew-  
beaded.

All needments but few luxuries were there  
In that true home,—joyance of sun-steeped air,  
Tasks bubbling into frolic, hearts that heeded  
High voices, eager summer days that speeded  
To tranquil twilights. Grouped about the chair  
Where Mother with her mending took such rest  
As mothers may, on doorsteps fronting west  
Father and lads and lassies watched the strange  
Drama of sunset, glimpsing crown and wing  
And many a cloudy shape swift vanishing  
By nature's mandate of eternal change.

By nature's mandate of eternal change  
That group has melted, like those shifting  
gleams  
Of air, a vision, one of many dreams  
That haunt the levels of that lonely grange.  
The soldier father was the first to range  
Beyond the sunset, he whom war's extremes  
Had wellnigh shattered, who from battle  
themes

Turned sharply, as from thoughts he would  
    estrangle.

The children's games of war he could not  
    brook.

Their Shiloh with small fallen heroes woke  
So deep a horror in his brooding look  
They ceased to play at slaughter, yet no less  
Joyed to behold him honored of the folk  
For manhood, as his wife for graciousness.

Hers, when I knew her, was the graciousness  
Of one long regnant on the quiet throne  
Of love,—such love as tender children own  
For parents whom the heavy years oppress;  
Such love as she in turn poured back to bless  
Their varying ways with steadfast music,  
    known

From cradle-time as life's sweet undertone,  
The mother-love, unfailing, measureless.  
And forth from love there blossomed such  
    high graces,  
Courage and courtesy, joy, wisdom clear,



A fortitude forbidding all complaints,  
That while she walketh now in heavenly  
    places,  
I think the very stars must hold her dear  
And do her reverence as a queen of saints.

You did her reverence as a queen of saints  
Many glad years together. When she passed  
Beyond your touch, your faith still held her  
    fast,  
And as our human longing ever paints  
Its Paradise with flush of earth, and faints  
Before sheer spirit, so in that dread vast  
You saw her waiting, loving arms outcast,  
In the old happy doorway. What constraints  
Were those that led your brother's questing  
    feet  
To even such homestead on a Berkshire hill  
For your last summer? Winds across the  
    wheat,  
Frolic of calves, familiar farm employ  
Closed up your circle, while our word was still

—O breaking hearts!—while still our word  
was Joy.

(III)

I could not bear my grief but that I must,  
Is it not you who live, while I am dead,  
Cold as that stone whereon the fire was  
red,  
Now left alone to lichen or to dust?  
“Thoughts of a Stone” your title has it, just  
A bit of baby lyric, yet you said  
What here I prove,—the campfire glows are  
spread  
And trampled, picnic over, not a crust  
Of joy dropt for the stone whence flames rose  
bright,  
So bright it deemed itself a thing of fire.  
And I must bear this grief night after night,  
Day after day, through weeks and months and  
years,  
This grief become myself, too dull for tears,  
Bewildered past all pain, past all desire.

Bewildered past all pain, past all desire,  
I stare forever on a snowy scene,  
Blue glint of crusted drifts, the irised green  
Of frost-filmed pines, impertinence of spire  
And joy-lit panes, till shoot of anguish, dire  
As crematory heats within whose keen  
Embraces dies your beauty that has been,  
Stings me to consciousness. Then I inquire  
Of my forgotten senses, and I learn,  
Noting accustomed walls and voices near,  
I am no longer tranced in that return  
From white Mount Auburn, where we left you,  
Dear,  
—No, no, not you; a worn-out robe to burn,  
Even as this globe shall gleam and disappear.

Even as this globe shall gleam and disappear,  
My life has vanished, life of joy I led  
Folded in yours. Never again to tread  
The station platform, tired scrutineer  
Of every face, until a sudden cheer  
Tingles through all my veins, fatigue is sped,

For you are with me, sweet as daily bread,  
Refreshing as cool water! Oh, the mere  
Touch of your hand, your hand that now is  
ashes,

Turned all the day's vexations into mirth.  
Beside you in the car, its groaning pull  
And grinding brakes and harsh metallic crashes  
Made blither music than remains on earth;  
And yet I wonder I am sorrowful.

I wonder I am sorrowful, for now  
There is no pain to fear for you. The sting  
Of death is drawn. Escaped from suffering,  
The crown of thorns is lifted from your  
brow.

I wonder I am sorrowful, for how  
Can I be warped with winter, when the spring  
Floods your free spirit, and its raptures wing  
Your golden flight from our bare mortal  
bough?

Yet, Ever Dearest, I am sorrowful,  
If apathy be sorrow. I receive

No joy of beauty from this snowflake wool  
That wraps so tenderly each writhen tree,  
Now that your tenderness is gone from me.  
Stark selfishness of sorrow! Yet I grieve.

Stark selfishness of sorrow! Yet I grieve,  
Vaguely aware of watchful loves that hold  
Their warmth between me and the utter cold.  
Patient and generous and wise, they leave  
Me here alone with you and grief, yet weave  
Sweet walls of roses round us, paly gold,  
Soft pink, clear carmine, white, in manifold  
Pattern of petals; mossy buds men thief  
From Elfland, high-blown hearts of joy, tall  
    stems  
Crowned with great flushes. In our own rose-  
    garden  
We are together and I take reproof  
From your dear voice that would not have me  
    harden  
My soul against such blessing. Love condemns  
The sorrow that from love would walk aloof.

The sorrow that from love would walk aloof  
Implores forgiveness even while it sins.  
One heart is home; the many hearts are inns  
With glow of festal joy, with sheltering roof.  
Your life was of my life the warp and woof  
Whereon most precious friendships, disciplines,  
Passions embroidered rich designs. Grief  
wins

Pardon from love for very love's behoof.  
For true love knows that love must still be true,  
Not kind pretender nor blind self-deceiver.  
It matters not what other mourners do;  
I turn that nectar cup I drained with you  
Down on the board. No more shall there be  
Weaver  
Of Rainbows in my heaven's too tranquil blue.

No Rainbow Weaver in my heaven's calm blue;  
The magic gate through which each common  
thing  
Came shining with a strange transfiguring

Is sealed. Where now shall Grief keep rendez-  
vous

With Comfort? Nay, I would not learn the  
new

Who crave the old,—our water from the spring,  
Not sacramental wine. The seasons bring  
But phantoms of those joys that died with you.  
Years pass. The household feasts your old-  
time guests.

A rose casts shadow on the cloth. Ah, thrust  
Of hidden hurt amid the flying jests!  
For that dark, silent image to my seeing  
Is memory-ghost of your warm, fragrant being.  
I could not bear my grief but that I must.

(IV)

Do you remember still your dear-loved earth,  
Shadows of stormy clouds that sweep across  
Old, castled Heidelberg; the golden gloss  
Of sands atoning to the Sphinx for dearth  
Of ancient splendors; strange Hawaiian mirth  
At arbor feast, where, heedless of their loss,

Their vanishing, those blithe brown folk would  
toss

Wreathed heads to music, as if life were worth,  
Even on such sliding brink, its hour of joy?  
Do you remember how the sunsets burned  
In Norway skies? Not pain itself could cloy  
Your wild-bird heart that ever longed to roam,  
That ever for the bluer distance yearned  
And on each bough of beauty was at home.

God's bird, upon his every bough at home,  
With skylarks on a Devon cliff between  
The purple moors and purple sea, in green  
Swiss valleys, in fair Florence, royal Rome,  
Amid grim totem-poles by frozen foam;  
Poplars of France that follow her serene,  
Broad rivers; Andalusian groves, with sheen  
Of orange and pomegranate, 'neath the dome  
Of drowsy convent or above the game  
Of choral children; bells of Brittany  
Pouring their joyous gloria upon  
The villagers, whose piety must don



To please the Saint their quaintest finery.  
Horizons flushed about you when you came.

Horizons flushed about you when you came.  
Our low skies lifted and the world looked in.  
Joy-fellow of the journeying sun and kin  
To that wind-god whose feet were plumed with  
flame,

Still, scholar, teacher, still your steadfast aim  
Was understanding of the ways that win  
Men upward from a blind, brute origin  
To ordered peoples. Ever would you claim  
That in our own crude country glows romance  
Whereby the elder charm of Europe fades.  
Falls of the Rhine you deemed Undine's dance  
To great Columbia's thundering cascades,  
Prophets that from her cloudy palisades  
Summoned the pioneers to glorious chance.

The pioneers who took that glorious chance  
You traced o'er plain and mountain, hunters,  
trappers,

Gold-seekers, prairie schooners with child-nappers

In mother's arms, babes whose inheritance  
Of virgin land in limitless expanse  
Was won by hero fathers,—daring tappers  
Of earth's hid treasures, unconscious mappers  
Of new dominions for mankind's advance.  
Their courage beat like joy within your pulse.  
Sleeping delicious hours of night away  
On a Pacific beach mid shells and dulse,  
Children beside you and a young moon beam-  
ing  
Upon the surf that splashed you in its play,  
Even then of their adventure you were  
dreaming.

Always of their adventure you were dreaming,  
Retreading their hard paths and poring long  
Over their crabbed scripts, with patience strong  
As zest itself, until your mind was teeming  
With frontier lore. I laughed to hear it stream-  
ing,

Untiring as the red-eyed vireo's song,  
From lips folk called reserved nor did them  
    wrong;  
But silence had at last its full redeeming.  
Your earlier volumes had but blazed the way  
For this, your own heart's book, your joy of  
    toil,  
To be of all your glad achievement crown.  
I watched the gold fruit ripening day by day  
And felt your dream's incredulous recoil  
When merciless disease would face it down.

Not merciless disease might face it down.  
Through those four years beset with wasting  
    pain,  
The surgeon's knife again and yet again,  
Our spring of joy slow withering to brown  
Autumn of ruin, still your dream, like town  
Stormed by resistless armies, would not deign  
To lower its proud banner. So we twain  
Finished your book beneath Death's very  
    frown.

For all the hospital punctilio,  
Through the drear night within your mind  
    would grow  
Those sentences my morning pen would spring  
To meet, while guilty mirth flashed to and  
    fro  
From your brave eyes to mine, for joy and  
    woe  
As comrades climbed your height of suffering.

Joy climbed with woe your height of suffering.  
Oft in your clouded eyes, as if soft-kissed,  
Pleasure would brighten, banishing the mist  
Of weariness, while from past journeying  
Kind memory would many a picture bring,  
Your Rockies robed in sunny amethyst,  
Or that stupendous canon, annalist  
Of all the æons. To your heart would cling  
Sweet, showery Aprils with their miracle  
Of leaf and blossom, frozen nature's birth  
Into fresh loveliness. Again the spell  
Of Italy was on you and you smiled

As when you caught her songs from singing  
child.

Do you remember still your dear-loved earth?

(V)

Do saints go gypsying in Paradise?  
How merrily, escaped from golden street  
And jasper wall, your footsteps light and fleet  
Would rove the wildwood—wood whose happy  
spice

And balm conceal no treacherous device  
Of trap to snare and shatter small furred feet,  
Where no shot bird beats broken wing! Oh,  
sweet

To taste a joy not bought by sacrifice!  
Have you, as on Lake Ripley, bungalow  
By water's edge, where from your sunrise bath  
To twilight hymn the saucy chipmunks strow  
Your floor with shells, scolding in frolic wrath  
To see you sweep them forth? And up your  
path

What other heavenly callers come and go?

What other heavenly callers come and go  
To hear your voice, my best of music hushed,  
To rest beside the lake on ledges plushed  
With moss and watch the tall marsh rushes  
    blow,

Red-shouldered blackbirds flashing to and fro  
Above the water-lilies, and the flushed  
Breast of the robin guarding nest soft-brushed  
By dancing linden leaves? Do cherubs know  
Your welcome, as so many children here  
Have known it? For you ever used to say  
Their joy of laughter was your perfect cure  
For weariness. You were so tired, Dear,  
Before you died, please God that now with pure  
Spirits of childhood you keep holiday.

Spirits of childhood, keeping holiday  
On your broad steps that to the rippling lake  
Descend, would call on Sigurd to awake  
In his low grave. How could our collie stay  
With earth, when you had fled so far away?  
Our most adoring lover! For love's sake

The seal of death's enchanted door would  
break,

And Heaven be gladder for his winsome play.  
With what a joyful plunge he would chase the  
stick

Flung forth into that little sea of glass!  
How proudly swim with it to shore and flick  
A crystal rain on scampering cherubim;  
Then, well content, your hand caressing him,  
Stretch on the threshold, greeting all who pass.

Over your threshold eagerly would pass  
Your blessed dead, on furlough from employ  
In that new life where service still is joy,  
Parents and sister and the baby lass  
Your arms once cherished, now in wisdom's  
class

So high 'tis hers to train with starry toy  
And many a bright, angelical decoy  
Your own celestial infancy. The grass  
That never withers feels the drawing nigh  
Of two dear brothers, yet unused to wend

The ways of Zion, but of instinct true  
To find the violet path that leads to you,  
And with the later fares a laughing friend  
Whom Sigurd springs to meet with lyric cry.

Only for her he lifts his lyric cry,  
Lady of Cedar Hill, yet proffers paw  
Full cordially to all who, by the law  
That brings our own to us at last, though sky  
Must melt between, your threshold glorify,  
—Our Pearl of Wellesley poets, who would  
draw

New dreams from Plato; Lincoln, not a flaw  
Left on that beauty angels know him by;  
Francis the Pitiful, and our vesper bell,  
Christina, who while still on earth knew well,  
Even as the psalmist king of Israel,  
Heaven's joy of harping,—words of hers rose  
faint

From your pale lips, the last ere silence fell,—  
And One with Whom your soul was best ac-  
quaint.





Thought reels before the metamorphosis  
Of mortal to immortal. Lest despair  
Rob us of strength for burdens yet to bear,  
We tease God's inconceivable with this  
Mere childishness of query upon query.  
Have they no need of us who need them so?  
Do they never, of eternity grown weary,  
Long for the river-song of Time's onflow?  
Can one tree, even the Tree of Life, suffice?  
Do saints go gypsying in Paradise?

## (VI)

No more than memory, love's afterglow?  
Our quarter century of joy, can it  
Be all? The liting hours like birds would flit  
By us, who loitered in the portico  
Of love's high palace. Time enough to know  
Its court decorum, nor would mind admit  
Love's term of learning was not infinite.  
Ah, courtesies my carelessness let go!

Then you forsook me ere my love was wise,  
Not wise enough to know if still you are,  
Too pure a light for my enshadowed eyes,  
Or if, unconscious of my very grief,  
Your vanished spirit, beautiful as brief,  
Be quenched in darkness, like a shooting star.

Quenched in deep darkness, like a shooting star,  
Or hidden as the moon within a cloud?  
How often have we watched her, silver-browed,  
Engulfed by gloom, and soon, upon its far,  
Joy-brightened rim, emerge without a scar  
On her pale splendor? Do you wear your  
    shroud  
So lightly? We but know that disallowed  
To mortal vision is your avatar.  
Nay, I must journey past all moons, all aid  
Of these discarded senses, past all space  
And peeling rhythm of time, ere I be made  
Spirit to apprehend your spirit face;  
Yet of this only is my soul afraid,

That you are merged in some transcendent  
grace.

If you are merged in some transcendent grace,  
Drowned in divinity, ah, then no more  
We are ourselves, no longer shall implore  
The Power that rushes on its own proud race  
Toward terrible perfection at a pace  
So passionate that we who would adore  
A Father are but bubbles on the roar  
Of that tumultuous tide. If such strange case  
Be ours, if unappealable decree  
Make human love and joy and suffering  
A whirl of autumn leaves, heart's mockery,  
Speak it, O Science, with authentic voice,  
And let us end it now. For who would cling  
To such existence, serve such God, by choice?

I choose to serve my hope of God, a hope  
Like to the shipwrecked mariner's, whose frail  
Boat lurches while he leaps to calk and bail,  
Make fast his water-keg with shred of rope,

Still searching, searching, dizzy eyes a-grope,  
The blank of ocean for a saving sail.  
Not his the fault if whelming seas prevail;  
What courage can, he does. So would I  
    cope  
With our immensity of doubt, with all  
This vast incertitude on which we toss,  
Hoping, and striving in the hope I cherish,  
Till nought remains to solace or appal.  
If hope be truth, 'tis joy. If all be loss,  
What matters it to life brought forth to perish?

To life brought forth to perish what is  
    life?

Nought recks the field-mouse peeping from a  
    loop

Of grasses that this evening may bring swoop  
Upon him of the owl whose plaintive fife  
We echo for our sport. No dread of knife  
Troubles those sheep that sedulously droop  
Their heads above the clover; even this group  
Of calves frisk forth to market without strife.

Wild, pirate hawks cry loud above the caw  
Of scanded citizens, yet hawks and crows  
Alike obey commandments that we call  
Instinct. In joy the flood of being flows,  
Each life the food of higher life, and all  
Creatures of earth, sea, air accept the Law.

Why may not we in joy accept the Law?  
Is thought a curse that we still chafe in vain,  
One blind link more in an unending chain,  
Against such doom? We see that children  
draw  
Life from their parents; empires, wisps of  
straw  
On a swift stream, swirl by that man may gain  
A firmer basis for a nobler reign;  
And yet we would extinction overawe  
With our dim spark of God. Oh, what are we,  
That in the face of all we witness, still  
Clamor and cry for immortality;  
Dare to withhold our puny homage till

Some oracle shall tell us if there be  
A Will within the Law, and Love that Will?

O Will within the Law, O Love the Will,  
To Thee I lift what faltering faith I may,  
Longing allegiance fain its vow to pay  
In Thy vast temple, but of little skill  
To parley with Jehovah. Still, O still  
Let her be my interpreter and pray  
The prayer I cannot; let as yesterday  
Her faith's clear fountain feed my wavering  
rill.

O yesterday, and all its joy of you!  
Just back from morning run, bright locks  
a-blow  
About flushed face, such gladness gleaming  
through  
Candid gray eyes as deepens them to blue,  
Arms full of blossoming branches fresh with  
dew,  
You come to memory, love's afterglow.

## (VII)

Your sentence by my quavering voice was told.  
Amazed, like the forsaken Christ, you viewed  
The spectral shape of your appointed rood,  
Even as when once autumnal mists unrolled  
And gave you, unsuspecting, to behold  
For the first time the Alps. Stricken you  
stood,

Awed, terrified at their bleak magnitude,  
And shivered in the sunshine, smitten cold.  
But straight you turned, so gallantly that God  
Was proud of you, from ways you longed to  
wend,

From all your joy of life to this new goal,  
Resolved to die with honor. Firm of soul,  
Wresting a victory from defeat, you trod  
Your Via Dolorosa to the end.

Your Via Dolorosa was mine own.  
I walked beside you, far as love might go.  
I saw, while mortal beauty dimmed, the glow



Of spirit brighten, till the soul had flown,  
As birds at some cærulean bidding, known  
Only to wings, fly south before the snow  
To joy of summer. Left behind, below,  
I wait till clouds of time be overblown.  
Yet is there not a Way, a Truth, a Life  
That my dull, darkened heart may reach you  
by?

Are not these walls, that watched your passing,  
rife

With mysteries that on me call and gleam?  
Is it no more than pain's importunate dream,  
Or do I sometimes feel your presence nigh?

Have I not sometimes felt your presence nigh?  
You said: "I will not leave you comfortless,"  
And oft half conscious of a swift impress  
Upon my spirit, lights that clarify  
A problem, calm on storm, ever I try  
To hold my listening heart in readiness  
For joy of your impalpable caress,  
Wisdom of your inaudible reply.

Oh, still shed blessing on me from those wings  
Of whose soft tarriance I would be aware,  
Light intimations, fleet evanishings,  
Speech finer than all syllables, a rare  
Shining within my soul, a thrill intense  
That breaketh not Death's law of reticence.

It breaketh not Death's law of reticence,  
For when I would my miracles declare  
They melt as sunset colors in the air  
Of evening, and myself oft wonder whence  
Came to my heart that brief intelligence  
Of a communion eyes and ears forswear  
And touch denies. My ebbing joys despair  
And charge imagination with pretense.  
Is this my lonely camp by love patrolled,  
Or am I fooled by credulous desire?  
What hand throws balsam on my bivouac fire  
When it burns low? Whose is the tender tone  
That hushes grief with courage, as of old:  
"We will be strong and glad in love alone"?

“We will be strong and glad in love alone.”  
I can endure through all my desolate days,  
But can I share your canticles of praise,  
Your adoration at the Great White Throne  
That rises for the pure in heart? Can moan  
Mount up to singing? How shall summer raise  
Beauty from these your ashes? Shall the  
maize  
Ripen in gold where willow-herb was sown?  
By seven springs has your far grave been  
grassed,  
And in my depth of sorrow are astir  
New powers, perceptions, joys, against my  
earth  
Uppressing, secret agonies of birth,  
At bidding of their angel gardener:  
“The Life Eternal! Let us hold it fast!”

“Let us hold fast the Life Eternal!” So  
You bade me, so I strive, a better lover  
Than I shall be a saint. Oh, starspace rover,

Would we might stroll once more, as long ago,  
Startling the bobolinks, across the glow  
Of Wellesley meadows lit by yellow clover  
With "God in all," you murmured, and "God  
over

All beauty and all joy"! For as I know  
Your soul enfolding mine, you dwelt in Him,  
Dwelt in the Light of God. How clearly fall  
On memory your words, when once your  
breath

Waited the ether, and my eyes went dim!  
"Oh, have no fear, Dear Heart, for life and  
death

Are one," you smiled, "and God is All in All."

Forevermore is God your All in All.  
In His eternal radiance you dwell,  
Fulfilling His High Word as sunbeams quell  
These earthly shadows. In your dying, gall  
You tasted, felt the spear your flesh appal,  
Were crucified with Christ, but it is well

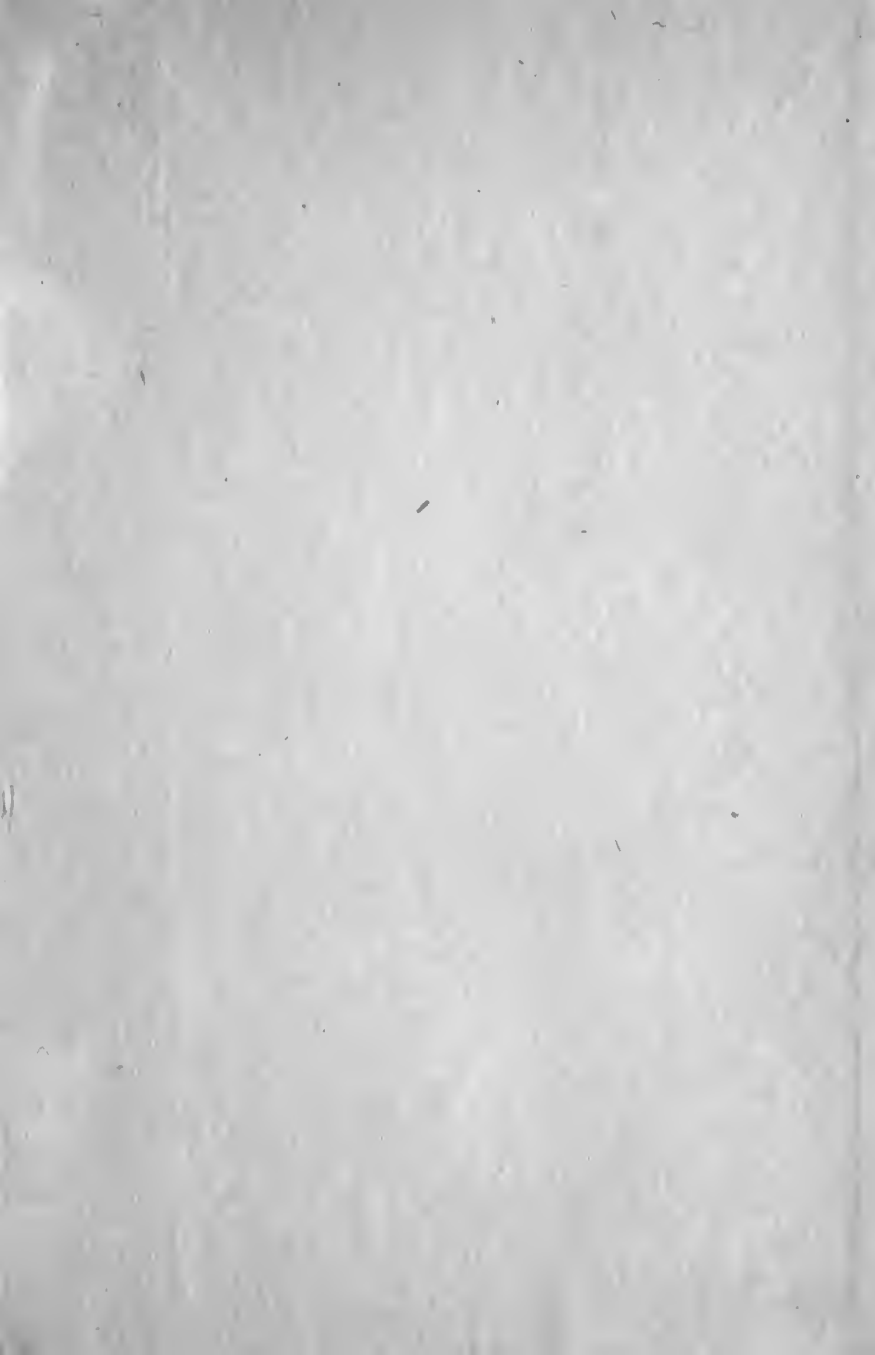
With you at last in that bright citadel  
Pain cannot storm, beyond the shining wall  
Grief may not scale. That terror of all men,  
The gate of gloom, is now your gate of gold.  
Sore-tested, your heroic heart has won  
The pearl of peace. More quietly than when  
Your sentence by my quavering voice was told,  
I give you joy, my Dearest. Death is done.











LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 007 752 175 6 ●